

It was only a robin,
With crimson breast,
Singing gay songs
To his wife on her nest ;
But a fatal stone,
From a careless hand,
Broke the fond heart
In Robin-land.
It was only a lily,
With heart of gold,
Left to droop and die
In the garden mold.
But the child who had watched it
With tender care,
Shed many a tear
Over the lily fair.

It was only a baby,
With closed blue eyes,
Laid down to rest
Beneath summer skies ;
But she who would gladly
Have died to save,
Buried her heart
In her baby's grave.

A SPELLING MATCH.

The fire-light made fantastic shadows in old Farmer Dobson's kitchen ; it flickered up and down on the huge brown rafters, and on the great dresser where the quaint willow-ware dishes were arranged, and where Mrs. Dobson's wonderful wealth of tin-ware was arrayed in shining ranks. A great far-cornered, shadow-haunted kitchen of the old-fashioned type, one of the generous, provident, open-hearted kind that is passing away with the woods it helped to deposit.

We have more economical arrangements coming in fashion, even in the old country-houses, now, but there are none so full of evening witchery, so care-beating and heartsome, as the old wood fire.

Whatelfish pranks it played that night ! How it reddened old Farmer Dobson's smoking-cap, and shone on his good wife's spectacles, and tinted Job's high cheekbones and sleek black hair, as he sat in the off corner bending obtusely over his book, utterly absorbed, as a man might be who had so little time to explore the mysteries of Webster, and who was to take part in the spelling match to-night.

Job was Farmer Dobson's farm hand — tall, strong, patient fellow, who had been so quietly the butt of us all this winter that we had got to using him like a big mastiff, who might be dangerous, but under ordinary circumstances could be safely teased and tormented to the top of our bent. A mist gathered in my eyes as I looked across the great kitchen to where he sat unconscious, plodding away at his task. I thought of our glib and easily acquired learning, and of poor Job's hard struggle for life, and I pitied Job.

Yes, I pitied him ; but yet, nevertheless, as I saw him stooping so profoundly by the light of the witching fire, heedless of the shadow and the noise of the room, an imp of mischief — perhaps one of the pranksome elves gesticulating in the chimney-corner — got possession of me. I arose softly, and gliding over to where he sat, sprinkled the absorbed student with a shower of eau-de-Cologne, and putting the vial quickly in my pocket, walked demurely back to my seat. The stark Job gave, and the flush on his face as he returned to his book, were comical. That Cologne was Abijah Plummer's present, and I shouldn't have wasted it, perhaps, and perhaps Job didn't like Cologne. He shut the book presently, and sat with his shoulders stooped and his head drooping, looking into the fire.

Well, as I have said, we were to have a spelling match that night, not our first one by any means ; but the old folks had put their heads together to give us a prize this time, a beautiful set of blue-and-gold poets, six dainty little volumes that stood gleaming in the fire-light on the round table, in the place of honor along with the great gilt-edged family Bible.

The young people dropped in one by one, shaking off the snow as they came in, for there had been a light snow-fall that evening, which made us all the merrier. By-and-by the great kitchen was filled up, the candles were lit, Farmer Dobson laid aside his pipe, the schoolmaster straightened his neck-tie, and grabbed the big Webster before him, and we all became properly impressed with the importance of the occasion, though there was a general nudging of elbows and a sly grimace as big, shy Job joined the class. But Job was used to our merrymaking, and took no notice of it.

Round and round went the spelling — big words and little words, with treacherous e's and a's lying in wait in unexpected places, and words without e's, and words with odd h's, and all the devious dictionary dreadfulness that lies in wait to trip up the unwary. And one after another our champions were spelled down, and Job actually stood his ground against half a dozen well-schooled fellows. All his face was kindled with eagerness, and the dull, plodding look habitual to him had disappeared. The spelling was waking him up. But there sat Abijah Plummer, who didn't join in the match — Abijah Plummer, the well-to-do bean of the village, who had no need, mayhap, of booklearning. There he sat and laughed at Job's excitement. I saw an uneasy light in Job's eyes, as if he were being severely tried. The spelling match was kindling him to the center, it seemed.

A few words more were yet on the list, and there lay the beautiful books, smiling and shining on us. "Beautiful" gave out the schoolmaster ; and Abijah laughed as Job got up to spell it. Job looked at Abijah, and began, "B-e-n—" and there was a general scream of laughter. "Darn it ! " said Job between his teeth, "what can a fellow do with a fool like that grinning at him ? " The mastiff was shaking himself up, and I trembled for Abijah.

VOLUME IV.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUG. 5, 1875.

NUMBER 31.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature." — CICERO.

The Deaf-Hunter's Journal.

H. C. Rider
MEXICO

Obituary.

"Order ! " said the school-master, and gave out the word again.

It was my turn. I don't know, as I say, what imp possessed me this evening, but I stood up and spelled the word with a vim, just as if I didn't care one jot for Job's defeat, and before I knew it the blue-and-gold prize was put into my hands. Then I looked at Job, and could cry.

But everyone was merry, and all were talking and chatting and laughing as we broke up and said good night. I wanted to speak to Job, but there stood Abijah in the doorway with my shawl in his hands, waiting to see me home, and I only nodded to Job as he stood at the gate with his lantern to show us the path. One after another the merry party disappeared down the snowy road and the winding lanes. Abijah and I were the last.

"I'll see you down thereo," said Job, humbly ; "it's a rough road to-night." And without another word he stalked on ahead, his lantern gleaming after him.

We did not say much either, Abijah and I, for we were floundering through the soft, thick-falling snow, and somehow it seemed awkward to be walking in Job's lantern light.

Presently we came down to the creek, where every angle of rock and every elbow of gnarled tree was flecked softly with snow, and the creek, which I had crossed a day or two before on my visit to Farmer Dobson's, ran below, gray and far, an unfamiliar stream, with downy, treacherous banks shutting it in — a strange, white fantasy. Over it two stout planks, crossing a few inches apart, served as a bridge. They were rounded and slippery-looking to-night, and one of them had a slight warp, as if weathered.

Abijah stood a moment on the bank surveying it.

"It's dangerous crossing that," he said. "I declare, Jennie, I don't like the look of it."

The night was gray and soft and still, and all about us fell the snow, which seemed to be creating itself out of the feathered and shadowy underbrush, and the white, quiet atmosphere. The scene was so strange and weird that I felt a moment's hesitation ; the next instant the imp which had possessed me all the evening set my blood dancing with mischief.

"I promised to be home to-night," said I, closing Abijah's darning hand, and with a mocking, dancing step I skipped upon the plank.

Abijah stood still on the margin and looked at me. Job stood still also, one moment, and holding up his lantern, looked at Abijah.

Then he said, sarcastically, "By your leave, Mr. Plummer ; this is a bridge for two, and if you've no mind to be getting over, I'll step along myself."

And it was Job's hand that, touching me timidly, steadied my foot-happy steps, and Job's lantern that flickered over the phantom banks beyond and the deep creek below that treacherous plank. Half-way across I felt a strange quiver, as if the heart of the thing were being broken, and my own heart leaped up with sudden terror, a despairing cry, a whirl of darkness and chaos, and I felt the bridge totter and crash, and thought I was being swept away into annihilation.

Some strong arm grasped me then, not tenderly, but with a clutch that roused every faculty, and, trembling, conscious, struggling for life, I found myself clinging to the slippery edge of the other plank, with Job holding fast by my raiment, as we hung for a moment in peril together, while the lantern floated away below the debris.

Job stretched out over the brink, looked down at the useless lantern, and shook his fist, perhaps at the invisible Abijah.

"Job, oh, Job," I said, taking his hand, "I'm sorry I spelled 'beautiful' to-night." I did not laugh now. I was full of a strange excitement.

"Who had a right to spell such a word but you, Jennie ? " answered Job, gravely.

"But I — I've lost the books, Job." "I've lost something, too," said Job.

We stood still for a moment and looked at each other. And there was in Job's face which never shines but once in any human face, and which all men and all women know when they see it.

Then Job roused up and said, lightly, "Will you get along the rest of the way without Abijah Plummer ? "

"All the rest of my life," I replied. Since then Job has often said to me, softly, as we sat in the twilight, "They can't say I didn't win a prize at the spelling match — and there was a general scream of laughter.

"Darn it ! " said Job between his teeth, "what can a fellow do with a fool like that grinning at him ? " The mastiff was shaking himself up, and I trembled for Abijah.

A mule, a wash tub, and a fine comb are considered a fine bridal outfit in Florida.

And That's the Way He Felt.

Sunday night three of us sat up with him. He knew us to the last moment. The lame leg and ankle commenced bloating Saturday night, and by Sunday morning both were very full, and we could not get them warm.

When he died his face, left hand and limbs and feet, especially the left limb, were quite full, but afterwards nearly all of it left his face.

Ever since he came here his stomach has seemed to be in a bad condition. He cleansed it thoroughly, after which his breath was the best that it had been for years, and he had quite an appetite. We were in hopes he would become quite strong.

Our boy had picked quite a quantity of strawberries on Monday, and we were to have a short-cake for supper. He seemed to feel that it was to be a great treat.

He ate supper with us, (I had usually got him an early supper,) and checked before it had gone too far. The pressure due to the head of water in the tender would suffice for force, and the consumption would not be great.

Learn a Trade.

I never look at my old steel composing rule that I do not bless myself that, while my strength last, I am not at the mercy of the world. If my pen is not wanted I can go back to the type case and be sure to find work ; for I learned the printer's trade thoroughly — newspaper work, job work, book work and press work. I am glad I have a good trade, as it is a rock upon which the possessor can stand firmly. There is health and vigor for both body and mind in an honest trade. It is the strongest and surest part of the self-made man. Go from the academy to the printing-office or artisan's bench, or if you please to the farm — for to be sure, true farming is a trade and a grand one at that. Lay thus a sure foundation, and after that, branch off to whatever profession you please.

You waited awhile and then went on : "No more skirmishes — no more fouts. Uncle Robert is dead, Gen. Grant wants peace, and they're melting swords and bayonets to make cotton mill machinery ! We're about through camping out, old pard, and we hain't sorry — not a bit ! "

He had a wooden leg, three fingers were gone from the left hand, and he had to use a crutch. In the dusk of the evening he sat down on a dry goods box on the street corner, and striking the ground with his crutch, he exclaimed :

"Well, old pard, the war's over ? Gimme your hand — shake hard ! "

He shook the crutch with hearty good will, and continued :

"There's no more Reb — no more Yank ! We're all Americans, and standing shoulder to shoulder — South Carolina alongside Massachusetts — we can lick the boots off'n any nation under the sun ! "

He waited awhile and then went on : "No more skirmishes — no more fouts. Uncle Robert is dead, Gen. Grant wants peace, and they're melting swords and bayonets to make cotton mill machinery ! We're about through camping out, old pard, and we hain't sorry — not a bit ! "

He leaned the crutch against the box, lifted his wooden leg, and said :

"Lost a good leg up at Fredericksburg when I was under Barksdale and Burnside thought he could whip old Uncle Robert and Stonewall Jackson together ! But wasn't it hot that day, when the Yanks laid their pontoons and got up and got for us ! And when we got up and got for them, wasn't it red hot ! "

He stopped to ponder for a while, and his voice was softer as he said :

"But I forgive 'em ! I took the chances — and lost. I'm reaching out now to shake hands with the Yank who shot me, and I'll divide my tobacco half and half with him ! " It was a big war, Yank and Reb stood right up and showed pluck, but it's time to forgive and forget."

He cut a chew off his plug, took off his battered hat and looked at it, and continued :

" Didn't we all come of one blood ? Hain't we the big American nation ? Isn't this here United States the biggest plantation on the river, and is there a nation in the world that dares knock the teeth off our shoulder ? "

" Maryland, my Maryland, Michigan, my Michigan, " he said.

He put down his leg, looked at his crippled hand, and soliloquized :

"Three fingers gone — hand used up, but I'm satisfied. Folks who go to war say you 'd better not be shot through the Yanks they stood up to us — it was a fair fight, and we got licked. Two fingers ain't as good as five, but they are good enough to shake hands with ! Come up here, you Yanks, and grip me ! We raise cotton down here — you raise corn up there — let's trade."

He lifted his crutch, struck it down hard, and went on :

"Durn a family who'll fight each other. We've got the biggest and best country that ever laid out doors, and if any foreign despot throws a club at the American eagle, we'll shoulder arms and shoot him in the middle of next week ! "

He sat and pondered while the shadows grew deeper, and by and by he said :

"There's lots of graves down here — there's heaps of war orphans up North ; I'm crippled up and half sick, but I'm going to get up and hit the one who dares say a word ag'in either. We've got through fighting — we're shaking hands now, and durst the man who says a word to interrupt the harmony ! It's one family — ole Uncle Sam's boys and gals and babies, and we're going to live in the same house, eat at the same table, and turn out bigger crops than any other ranch on the globe ! "

He rose up to go, rapped on the box with his crutch, and continued :

"Resolved, That this glorious old family stick right together in the old home-stead for the next million years to come ! " — Vicksburg Herald.

A Boy's Singing.

Sunday night he commenced calling different ones of the family, and from that time seemed conversing with some one until the very last. Sunday morning I tried to talk with him, but did not think the call had come until about 11 a. m. last Saturday. We telephoned for the doctor. When he came, about 6 p. m., all he could tell us was that his circulation was not right. He could not complain at this strange dispensation. When I saw he was near the end, I felt that God had answered my prayer that there might not be any struggle with death at last. Never did the breath leave the body more peacefully or easier. He simply went to sleep — not a groan — not a sound. And the other part of the prayer was that he might be happy in his new-found home, and if the weather was too bad he throw up. His mouth was dry, and he still had that internal fever.

We felt that whatever it was that had come so suddenly upon him, must end suddenly ; that he would probably die before you could possibly come, and that we had better see what the doctor said first. After he said that father might linger a few days, we thought best at the earliest possible period to telegraph, which we did. Monday morning, I suppose you received it after he died. I tried to devise some plan so as to keep his remains until you could come, but the weather was too bad.

He has gone. Died far away from home and most of his friends ; but we did all that could have been done.

It is a pleasure to me to know that I could wait on him, and I have spent every moment of time I could spare in visiting with father, as also has Earl. If pa had been Earl's own father, he could not have done more than he has, or done it more willingly. When he was so lame he said no one ever handled him so near right as did Earl. Earl says that one of the greatest comforts he has, is to think that he could and did do it. Father seemed a little restless about noon the day he died, and Earl moved him a little. He looked Earl in the eye and said, though he could scarce speak, "You are a good fellow."

I have of course felt concerned about him every time he complained the least,

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:
One copy, one year, \$1.00
Club of ten, 1.25
Not paid within six months, \$2.50
These prices are in variable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter. Terms cash in advance.

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Contributions and Editorial Correspondence must be sent at the option of the writer, either to H. C. Rider, Editor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., or to F. L. Seliney, Associate Editor, Aurora, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

All communications relative to the Foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, HENRY WINTER SYLE, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia.

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Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUG. 5, 1875.

Care in Sending Money.

Some time ago we had occasion to give our subscribers in general, and in particular those who were about to remit money to us, some plain hints about the proper manner in which to send it. Such as took the trouble to follow our advice, have had their money received in safety, and have had no occasion to growl at the post-office authorities, or at us, as their less wise friends are now beginning to do.

The other day we received half a dozen complaints from subscribers; they had written their orders enclosed the money, mailed their letters, and now wonder why the papers do not come. They suppose the fault is ours, of course, and send us an angry protest. We are very sorry always to hear of such miscarriage of letters; but, if people will send money in this careless fashion, we fail to see how we are to be held accountable. The post-office affords abundant and safe facilities for the transmission of valuable letters.

One way is the POST-OFFICE MONEY ORDER, which can be obtained at any post-office of reasonable size. Such an order for any sum under fifteen dollars can be obtained for ten cents extra, and wherever they can be procured, we would advise them to be sent.

Another mode is the REGISTERED LETTER. Any amount can be enclosed in a envelope to the postage, the letter will be registered and a receipt handed to the sender. All post-masters are obliged to register letters whenever requested, and the system is an absolute protection against loss by mail.

When the amount is more than ten dollars a draft can advantageously be obtained at any bank, but we should say that for all those who have money dealings with us, the post-office furnishes good and safe means of sending.

If all will only follow the simple rule, NEVER SEND MONEY IN AN ORDINARY LETTER, which they will see posted up in nearly every post-office in the country, they will have no reason hereafter to complain of the non-arrival of remittances.

Those who still persist in sending money with as little care as they would a newspaper clipping, must do so at their own risk; we will not be responsible for it, and so advertise.

The Watertown Convention.

We regret to say that Mrs. R. E. Hungerford, of Watertown, sister of Mr. C. H. Cooper, has been lying in a critical condition for several days past from the effects of a stroke of paralysis. In consequence of which it has been deemed proper to give up the proposed reception and reunion at the house of Mrs. Howell Cooper, on Thursday evening, August 26th. Mrs. Cooper wished to say that she is very sorry that circumstances like the above have happened so as to compel the reunion to be given up, as she was intending to do all in her power to make the occasion one of pleasure to all present. We can not tell what a day may bring forth. But we must trust in "Him who doeth all things well." In order that all who attend the Convention may not lose the opportunity of spending the evening in some other pleasant manner, the President of the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association, accompanied by Mr. C. H. Cooper, went to Cape Vincent and Kingston last Saturday, and chartered the steamer *Maud* to make an excursion trip from Cape Vincent to Brockville, Canada, by way of Alexandria Bay, and returning through the Canada channel, reaching Cape Vincent at about 10 o'clock in the evening. An extra train will be in readiness to take the party from Cape Vincent to Watertown. Tickets for the round trip will be \$2.10 each, being the same as originally stated. This arrangement of the extended trip will give the excursionists a much better view of the Thousand Islands and a broader conception of the magnificent scenery. The steamer will call at Alexandria Bay, Wells Island, and Brockville, thus giving us a look at each of them and a "feel-

ing" of the Canadian side of the water.

We can not shape the ways of Providence; accidents can not always be avoided. We regret that the illness of Mrs. Hungerford has compelled us to make this change in the programme. But more than this do we regret that her suffering are the cause of it, and we sincerely hope that she will recover from her paralytic state and fully regain her former health. Had the reunion taken place, there is no doubt that it would have been a happy time in every sense of the word. As it is, we have endeavored to provide a substitute, and we confidently believe that every one, who goes on the excursion, will have ample reason for being satisfied with the result of the trip.

We learn from Rev. Dr. Gallaudet that, in reply to his inquiry, Mr. Hewitt, Superintendent of the People's Line of steamboats, states that the price of excursion (round trip) tickets between New York and Albany for the entire season is \$3.00. Visitors to the Convention from the Metropolis and adjacent sections will do well to go by the above route.

For the benefit of the ladies who may attend the Convention we would state that a prize will be drawn by the handsomest deaf-mute lady in attendance. The prize, valued at \$10, will consist of a good-sized wall bracket, manufactured by Mr. James H. Winslow, of Potsdam, N. Y., and will be a valuable and beautiful ornament. The price of tickets will be, first ballot, twenty-five cents each; second ballot, ten cents each; third and last ballot, five cents each.

The two ladies who received the highest numbers of votes at the first ballot, will become candidates for the prize and whichever of the two receives the highest number of votes at the close of the next two ballots, will be pronounced the handsomest lady in the Convention and therefore entitled to the prize. Every person who buys a ticket, can vote for the lady he or she considers the handsomest, and also for which of the two candidates he or she considers the most handsome.

The profits realized from the sale of the ticket will, after paying the \$10 for the prize, be devoted to the support of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes.

The balloting will probably take place at the end of the first day's session of the Convention or in the morning of the third day, previous to the election of officers. Mr. S. A. Taber, Treasurer of the Association, will have tickets for sale at the Convention. We hope every member of the Convention will purchase one at each ballot. They are but small sums and will contribute merriment for the Convention, and also some means may thereby be collected to assist the Home.

We wish here to say to all going to the Convention to be careful not to make the mistake of getting off the cars at Watertown Junction or at any way station until they arrive at the Watertown brick depot which is the only brick depot you will see after you leave Rome or Syracuse until you get to your destination.

A deaf-mute German gentleman of New York city, FRANCIS ROTTNER, by name, accompanies a subscription to the Journal with a well written letter, a synopsis of which will interest the general reader.

He was born in Hungary and attended the deaf-mute institution at Vienna seven years. Graduating thence he engaged in the manufacture of fancy leather goods, which would seem to have been very remunerative, for in the year 1873, he being then twenty-two, he took a passage to China, staying there seven weeks and sometimes longer in neighboring countries. Thence he proceeded to Constantinople and other Eastern capitals finding much of marvel and wonder.

He says: "In the whole Orient there is no school or charity for the poor deaf-mutes, and they are outcasts in the land of their birth." Returning to Vienna he was present at the World's Exposition there; he remained in Berlin and Dresden, presumably following his occupation, till May of this year, when he emigrated to America. Unacquainted with our language on his arrival, and with the disadvantages of deafness to retard a rapid study, his letter to us, which is written in good English, shows a remarkable advancement; already he can use the language as well as the majority of our deaf-mutes. And he wonders if he can't hire somebody to do a little justifiable shooting.

We have seldom met a bolder assertion than that which forms the first sentence of the extract quoted above. Human pleasure and human enjoyment to the deaf and to the blind are different things. Neither possesses them in perfection. Each loses much of what is good and enjoyable in the world; each has his own pleasures, and in their unvarying round, he thinks and almost believes that there is nothing of joy left untouched. A marvel of nature has attractions of pleasure and wonder to the deaf-mute, it arouses feeling; yet as far as it can affect the blind, it might as well have never been. Regarding the various forms of music, the blind count them among their pleasures, the deaf among their woes.

The question is a simple one: Do the blind lack less facilities for enjoyment than the deaf? Dr. Howe's affirmative answer we deny now and forever.

As if to impress us with the sense of our loss Dr. Howe tells us that the ear is the "real queen" who "brings us into those moral and social relations and affections, from the indulgence of which the purest, highest, and most lasting happiness is to be derived." We are sorry indeed to be cruelly denied the guidance of this queen, but if we have her not, we have our sight and the eye is king! He leads us beyond the little bounds of the other's being, into the world of art and nature, where the other may not go, full to overflowing with things of beauty, marvelous, sublime—not one of which we may not see.

The chief source of their pleasure in life is intimate oral communication with other persons," &c., so the quotation runs. And is this all? We are told that the deaf are in a great measure debarred from all this. Not so. Dr. Howe forgets that there is such a thing as an educated deaf-mute; many of them, in fact, are living at this moment in communication with their friends, not orally perhaps (but of this Dr. Howe ought to know, as he is a staunch supporter of articulation), but as intimately and with as much pleasure as that which the blind ever can derive from like conversation. Every deaf-mute, whatever his social condition, has his own circle of friends. Very many of these use the manual alphabet, and not a few the signs. So in their company the deaf-mutes jokes, chats and laughs with every spirit of enjoyment and understanding. Not unfrequently several mutes are neighbors, they meet often and innocent pleasurable recreations abound. This may be objected to on the score of clannishness, but we are talking of happiness, not of mutism.

Independence, as a factor of happiness, here tells greatly in favor of deafness, we are always pleased to see such observations on the conduct of deaf-mutes, by casual spectators and entire strangers. That gentleman has a good impression of the deaf and dumb, and may he ever retain it.

We are told that one of the sources of enjoyment of the blind, among the chief, even, is listening to reading. In these days of large and frequent newspapers, of stirring news, of ponderous yet interesting volumes, what dependence does this imply!

But there is one road to happiness entirely lost sight of by Dr. Howe. We refer to the stimulus of occupation, the attendant ambition, and the consequent gratification by its attainment. Few mortals are happy with nothing to do; chatting, joking and reading or listening to reading, while very agreeable at appropriate times, by no means make up the sum and substance of human happiness of human enjoyment!

In fitness for the various grades of employment, how do the deaf and blind compare? The question carries its own answer, and much that comes into the comparative happiness of the two classes, will be found in an attentive study of this phase of their existence.

We should by no means lose sight of the tacit popular voice regarding the relative value of the eye and the ear. How much of the great handiwork of man, is done for mere show. Houses, stores, lawns, parks, vehicles are prepared for beauty first and always, everything else afterwards. The garments we wear, the resorts we throng, and even coming down to many pretty things, there is but one recognized law—fashion. And fashion is but the way to please the eye. Of all these things the deaf may partake to the fullest extent—the blind, never!

Dr. Howe dwells much upon social relations. The happiest social relation is the divine institution of marriage. The beauty, grace, charm, gentleness and loveliness inseparable from things feminine, are a blank to the blind. True, they may have the description, and words upon words may roll into their delighted ears; they have the form before them, and they have the idea what it is—but they see not what they know. Love, mighty though the little god is, here is powerless. They cling to the object and are somewhat happy; but oh! the heart-felt wish, the agonizing cry for one short look, one glimmer of day.

Deafness and blindness are each of them hard afflictions; that the latter is the hardest, there are few doubters; and while taking leave of the subject, we are glad to believe that for the blind all is not darkness—that there are still some avenues of happiness and enjoyment open to them.

A Deaf-Mute From Over the Sea.

A deaf-mute German gentleman of New York city, FRANCIS ROTTNER, by name, accompanies a subscription to the Journal with a well written letter, a synopsis of which will interest the general reader.

He was born in Hungary and attended the deaf-mute institution at Vienna seven years. Graduating thence he engaged in the manufacture of fancy leather goods, which would seem to have been very remunerative, for in the year 1873, he being then twenty-two, he took a passage to China, staying there seven weeks and sometimes longer in neighboring countries. Thence he proceeded to Constantinople and other Eastern capitals finding much of marvel and wonder.

He says: "In the whole Orient there is no school or charity for the poor deaf-mutes, and they are outcasts in the land of their birth." Returning to Vienna he was present at the World's Exposition there; he remained in Berlin and Dresden, presumably following his occupation, till May of this year, when he emigrated to America. Unacquainted with our language on his arrival, and with the disadvantages of deafness to retard a rapid study, his letter to us, which is written in good English, shows a remarkable advancement; already he can use the language as well as the majority of our deaf-mutes. And he wonders if he can't hire somebody to do a little justifiable shooting.

We have seldom met a bolder assertion than that which forms the first sentence of the extract quoted above. Human pleasure and human enjoyment to the deaf and to the blind are different things. Neither possesses them in perfection. Each loses much of what is good and enjoyable in the world; each has his own pleasures, and in their unvarying round, he thinks and almost believes that there is nothing of joy left untouched. A marvel of nature has attractions of pleasure and wonder to the deaf-mute, it arouses feeling; yet as far as it can affect the blind, it might as well have never been. Regarding the various forms of music, the blind count them among their pleasures, the deaf among their woes.

The question is a simple one: Do the blind lack less facilities for enjoyment than the deaf? Dr. Howe's affirmative answer we deny now and forever.

As if to impress us with the sense of our loss Dr. Howe tells us that the ear is the "real queen" who "brings us into those moral and social relations and affections, from the indulgence of which the purest, highest, and most lasting happiness is to be derived." We are sorry indeed to be cruelly denied the guidance of this queen, but if we have her not, we have our sight and the eye is king! He leads us beyond the little bounds of the other's being, into the world of art and nature, where the other may not go, full to overflowing with things of beauty, marvelous, sublime—not one of which we may not see.

The chief source of their pleasure in life is intimate oral communication with other persons," &c., so the quotation runs. And is this all? We are told that the deaf are in a great measure debarred from all this. Not so. Dr. Howe forgets that there is such a thing as an educated deaf-mute; many of them, in fact, are living at this moment in communication with their friends, not orally perhaps (but of this Dr. Howe ought to know, as he is a staunch supporter of articulation), but as intimately and with as much pleasure as that which the blind ever can derive from like conversation.

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The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer.*

The service for deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Church, New York, on Sunday p. m., the 1st inst., was conducted by Mr. JAMES S. WELLS, as Dr. GALLAUDET and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN were both away, the former holding a service for deaf-mutes in Baltimore, Md., and the latter in Norwich, Conn.

A week ago last Monday Mr. CHARLES F. DOUGLAS, who received his instruction at the American Asylum, graduating therefrom in 1840, made a call at our office with his brother-in-law and sister, Judge RANSOM H. TYLER and wife, of Fulton, N. Y. Mr. Douglas seems to have been an intelligent gentleman and a first-rate cabinet-maker before he met with an accident, which has rendered him an invalid and unfit to engage in any occupation for life. Many years ago he went from Westfield, Mass., to another place six miles distant to get lumber, and after doing his business, started to return, carelessly walking on the railroad track. A freight train came up behind him and caught him on the cow catcher, injuring his lower extremities, which resulted in paralysis. While we deplore the unfortunate condition into which he has been thrown, we have the consolation of knowing that he has pleasant and kind home with his sister and brother-in-law, from whom we feel assured, he will receive all the care and comfort he needs during his life.

Mr. ALPHONSO JOHNSON, Principal of the Central New York Institution for Deaf-mutes, has been spending a month among his friends in the far West.

Mrs. H. P. PEET and Mr. E. H. CURRIER, of the New York Institution, were at Watkins Glen the other week enjoying the marvellous beauty of nature there.

FRANK D. MORGAN, of Binghamton, N. Y., an intelligent semi-mute, is passing part of his vacation at the Thousand Islands. He goes to the Central New York Institution in the fall, to finish his education.

The Associate Editor of the JOURNAL discovered several milk-white kittens under his barn the other day; but could not get hold of them as they were rather wild. However, one moonlight night he saw them playing about and enjoying themselves as kittens will. Stealing softly behind him was surprised to see they seemed unconscious of his presence. He imitated the bark of a dog, and then of every animal he could think of; but they would not be scared out of their moonlight frolic. A suspicion that they were deaf-fallen upon him, and it seemed to be confirmed by the non-effect of a prolonged yell he gave to test their ears. Gently reaching down he got hold of one of them by the neck and lifted it skyward. But oh! the kicking, and squirming, and scratching, and biting that followed will not soon forget. He never knew court-plaster was so useful before. Kittens have fallen in his estimation, and he wonders if he can't hire somebody to do a little justifiable shooting.

He was born in Hungary and attended the deaf-mute institution at Vienna seven years. Graduating thence he engaged in the manufacture of fancy leather goods, which would seem to have been very remunerative, for in the year 1873, he being then twenty-two, he took a passage to China, staying there seven weeks and sometimes longer in neighboring countries. Thence he proceeded to Constantinople and other Eastern capitals finding much of marvel and wonder.

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Church Work Among Deaf-Mutes of Northern New York.

Bishop Doane visited Trinity Church, Potsdam, N. Y., on Tuesday, the 20th of July. The Rev. Thos. B. Berry, of Granville, N. Y., interpreted the service for the benefit of fifteen deaf-mutes who were present from this and neighboring towns. The Rector, Rev. H. R. Howard, presented for Confirmation a class of thirty-six; among whom were four deaf-mutes, two of whom had been baptized on the same evening.

The occasion was one of deep interest, not only to the mutes themselves, but also to the crowded congregation.

It is proposed to make Potsdam a centre of church work among the deaf-mutes in the northern part of the Diocese. The next service for the mutes will probably be held in October. The Rector would be glad to communicate with any who are interested in this project and willing to aid him in carrying it out.

He knows now of twenty-eight mutes in and about Potsdam, and hopes to learn the whereabouts of others. Address,

Rev. F. R. Howard,
Potsdam, New York.

Letter from Rev. Thomas B. Berry.

about 9:30 p. m., where we lunched and retired for the night. Sunday morning we awoke late; there was a drizzling rain, but the clouds broke away at noon, and it was such a pleasant afternoon that several prominent gentlemen from Watertown chartered the little steamer, "Rambler," and inviting us to accompany them, we were all soon scudding down the river. We stopped first at Idlewild Island, where a family from Watertown are camping out. Our next stopping place was Bluff's Island. We climbed to the top to have a full view of the islands. The scenery from here is said to be the most beautiful that can be seen from any of the islands, and, indeed, it was magnificent.

We hastened up the Canadian side of the channel, stopping at Rock for a few minutes. We then went around Wells Island and down to the bay.

The islands are very numerous and beautiful, and it is useless for me to attempt to describe them. Those who have never seen them, can have no conception of the grandeur of their scenery.

Hoping that all who possibly can, will go on the excursion to them on the 26th of August,

I remain yours as ever,

C. O. U.

Exhibition by the Pupils of the Oregon Institution and its Closing Exercises.

(From the Oregon Student.)

The exercises incident to the closing of the term at the Deaf-Mute School took place yesterday at the Opera House under the direction of the principal, Rev. W. Gwynne, Rector of St. Paul's Chapel, Troy, where we hold our deaf-mute services, spent nearly a week with me after the Fourth. I went down with him on July 9th, and held the usual monthly service. I missed several—Miss Clapp, whose removal from Troy is a great loss to the work there; Mr. Saxon who was absent on his summer ramble, and others.

The same night I took a "sleeper" for New York, and had breakfast with our friend, Dr. Gallaudet, who always compels me to make his house my headquarters when in New York. I preached for him on Sunday, the 11th, and conducted the afternoon service for deaf-mutes, thus giving him an opportunity to go and hold his monthly service in Brooklyn. Late in the evening I met the doctor and his wife in Brooklyn, where we were very pleasantly entertained at a gentleman's house.

I was sorry not to have been able to stay at the picnic, but it was well I did not, as on my return home, just as I got off the cars, our church bell was tolling for the death of a parishioner whom I left sick the week before. On Tuesday, the 20th, I went to Potsdam to assist at a confirmation service, with the consent of the Rector of Trinity Church, and at the request of the Very Rev. Dr. Pennington, Archdeacon of that convocation. In the afternoon, at the church, I met a class of some seventeen deaf-mutes, to whom I spoke for an hour and a half, and in the evening I interpreted the service and the Bishop's sermon. Two mutes were baptized and four confirmed. Potsdam will be a centre in the Diocese for deaf-mute mission work, and Dr. Pennington proposes holding a quarterly service there. This privilege was highly appreciated by the mutes, some of whom had not been to a sign service in 27 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Barnhart, Mr. Knight and several others had a very pleasant gathering at the house of Mr. J. H. Winslow, where the Potsdam people sent all kinds of good things for their refreshment. The mutes of that section seem to be doing well and all are supporting themselves.

I am glad to see the JOURNAL so well appreciated. It is always a welcome visitor here. Wishing you every success,

I am yours sincerely,

THOMAS B. BERRY.

A Trip to the Thousand Islands.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., July 22, 1875.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I would like to give your readers an account of the trip I enjoyed down the river St. Lawrence among the Thousand Islands, on last Saturday and Sunday. My friend and myself, being respectively a railroad conductor and clerk, made up our minds to enjoy a ride on the steamer Faxon, and visit the places where the deaf mutes attending the Watertown Convention will go on an excursion to Alexandria Bay.

From Cape Vincent to Alexandria Bay it was very lovely, as we were among the islands in their full summer glory. I was so much impressed with the beauty and loveliness of them that it would, I think, be impossible for me to describe them to any mute who has never visited the picturesque portion of this great river. I must say that the islands must be seen to be appreciated. I would advise all mutes anxious to visit these islands to come to the Watertown Convention, and enjoy together the excursion among the beautiful scenery of this river; as it will be their best opportunity for visiting, not only the isles, but the handsome cottages that have been built upon them.

The steamer stopped at Clayton, a beautiful village and quite a popular resort. It commands a fine view of the islands. After leaving Clayton we went upon the deck of the boat to have a better view of the surrounding scenery. We passed Wells Island, which is large and pretty, being five miles long by three miles wide. It is called "Thousand Island Park." Several handsome cottages and a church have been completed, and some fine avenues are being laid out. Steamers are carrying large numbers of people there to a Methodist camp meeting, which commenced yesterday and continues till August 9th.

We floated down the river, never ceasing to find something new to admire, until we arrived at Alexandria Bay, at

several parts at once—printers, shoemakers, tailors, preachers, etc., pursuing their several vocations in close proximity to each other, and causing much amusement. Some of the pupils then gave pantomimic exhibitions, which caused considerable fun. Although the mutes are deaf, they have a keen nervous system, and can feel a jar. A person in the audience pronounced the word "flowers." Mr. Smith made a number of taps on a snare drum, and Mr. La Rue wrote out the word on the blackboard, judging it entirely from the jar of the drum. Other words were written in the same manner. Mr. Knight stated that the school needed a library, and hoped it would soon have one. A number of well written compositions were exhibited, which lack of space prevents our reviewing. The exercises closed with the Lord's Prayer, repeated in the sign language by the whole class.

Oswego County and Neighboring Fairs.

Antwerp Union, Antwerp, Sept. 1, 2 and 3; Brookfield, Madison Co., Sept. 21 and 22; Camden Industrial, Camden, Sept. 16, 17 and 18; Central N. Y., Utica, Sept., one week; Ellsberg, Adams and Henderson, Adams, Sept. 2 and 3; Governor, St. Lawrence county, Sept. 7, 8 and 9; Hamilton, East Hamilton, Madison county, Oct. 6 and 7; Lenox, Oneida, Madison county, Sept. 28 and Oct. 1; Lewis, Lowville, Sept. 15, 16 and 17; Oneida Co., Rome, Sept., five days; Onondaga Northwestern, Baldwinsville, Sept. 15, 16 and 17; Oswego, Mexico, Sept. 7, 8 and 9; Oswego Falls, Sept. 22, 23 and 24; Phoenix Union, West Phoenix, Sept. 20, 21 and 22; Sandy Creek, Richland, Orwell, Sandy Creek, Sept. 15, 16 and 17.

To the People.

MR. EDITOR:—We saw in your paper of last week a short article, and as it contained the word *ball*, of course we read it very carefully. We are aware that the churchyard is not a suitable place to play ball, but as it is not a private lot, we ventured to play there. We have been forbidden by the people to play in the street, and the Fair Ground has been rented, making that *private property*, and we have one dollar to pay every time we play a game. What are we to do? What have we left? Will you have us lounge around the street when not at work, or will you, with your good will and a small piece of your pocket-book, help us get a place where we can play when we choose? Had we people's good wishes, a place to play where we would not be hunted, we would have an ambitious Base Ball Club that would in no wise make it more dull, or demoralize Mexico in the least. If we ask you for a little money (and a small amount from all interested in youth's pleasure will help us), what will you say?

RESOLUTE.

[In reply to the above, we would say that, should a subscription be started to procure a play ground for the youth of this village, we will very cheerfully contribute our share of the sum required.]

ED. IND.]

A Card.

To the Republican Electors of the Third Assembly District of Oswego County.

According to the long established custom of Republican usages, of letting each locality, or town in their turn present candidates for public offices, I believe it is generally conceded that the town of Albion is justly and fairly entitled to the presentation of a candidate for member of Assembly at this fall's election. The time has been, especially in some localities, when, for a man's publicly proclaim himself a candidate for office, and ask his friends to support him, would be considered a derogation; but times have changed. I announce myself a candidate for member of Assembly in the third Assembly district in the county of Oswego, and ask the Republican party to give me their sufferages. That position has been the topmost round in the ladder of my political aspiration; yet, to attain that eminence, I cannot consent to be the tool of any cabal, junto, faction, clique or ring, or to the expenditure of money to influence any vote. I have received official distinction, without solicitation, consultation, or knowledge, on my part, until matters were nearly consummated; and I announce myself a candidate for member of Assembly in the third Assembly district in the county of Oswego, and ask the Republican party to give me their sufferages. That position has been the topmost round in the ladder of my political aspiration; yet, to attain that eminence, I cannot consent to be the tool of any cabal, junto, faction, clique or ring, or to the expenditure of money to influence any vote. I have received official distinction, without solicitation, consultation, or knowledge, on my part, until matters were nearly consummated; and I announce myself a candidate for member of Assembly in the third Assembly district in the county of Oswego, and ask the Republican party to give me their sufferages. 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Our Claudia.

Dath kissed our bud,
And chilled its life-tide ere the flower bloomed;
Like wasting wreaths of snow
It faded, dropped into the tomb.

As dew drops from the opening rose,
As dying notes at close of day,
As shadows vanish from our sight,
Our opening blossoms passed away.

Its fragrance in the shrine of love
We will embalm and hold forever,
And memory's gentle touch the power,
Which shall unvail its dearest treasure.

One joy with us remains;
The love which binds us to thee still,
Time's changes or the hand of Death
Can never touch or chill.

HATTIE.

Facts and Fancies.

A shirt on your back is worth two in
the bush.

An astronomer can discover more
wonderful things with one eye than most
men can with two.

Newspapers wrapped around ice in a
refrigerator, several thicknesses, will help
to keep and preserve it.

It is one of the curiosities of natural
history that a horse enjoys his food most
when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.

A tourist was asked in what part of
Switzerland he felt the heat the most,
replied, "When I was going to Berne."

It is not so extraordinary that Nebu-
chadnezzar lived on grass. We know of
hundreds upon hundreds who live on the
turf.

Some scholars in the normal school at
Westfield, Mass., turned violets green by
dipping them in ammonia, and tricked
the botanical teacher into a lecture
about the apparent discovery of a new
flower.

The Indianapolis News has found out
how the sex of that man in Europe who
went in woman's clothes was discovered.
He inadvertently said "Thank you" when
a gentleman gave up his seat in a street
car.

Mistress—"Let you go to the evening
school, Mary?" Why, I thought you
could read?" "Well, ma'am, I do
know my letters farre so long as they
keep all in a row, but just as soon as they
get mixed up into words, I'm beat."

A department for the Fejee Islanders
is to be reserved at the Centennial.
They have not been requested to send
any of their goods and specimens of art,
but just to come along in their every-day
clothes. They will be art enough in
themselves.

A man in Medina, Ohio, while riding
in procession behind his wife's remains
the other day, overwhelmed with grief,
had sufficient strength to stop the pro-
cession and jump out of the carriage to
pick up a knife which he detected in the
road.

In a newspaper office in Australia
there was at one time a tablet informing
visitors that the editor could only be
spoken to during business hours by pur-
chasing tickets of admission at the door.
The price was ten shillings for half an
hour.

A famous auctioneer, after exhausting
the language of praise in extolling a cer-
tain gentleman's park which had to fall
under his hammer, said he was bound,
as an honest man, not to conceal the
drawbacks to the property, which were
the litter made by the rose leaves and
the perpetual din kept up by the night-
ingales.

One of the Siamese ambassadors, on
returning home from Europe, gave the
following description of a piano-forte, or
as he called it, "a great trunk set upon
legs." He said "A woman sits in front
of this, and tickling a sort of tail it has
with her toe, produces a variety of sounds
by beating rapidly with her fingers on a
number of lits of ivory in front of it."

She stepped into the car radiant with
youth, and looking cool and bright in her
flower-trimmed hat and speckless suit of
linen. Four young men immediately
offered her their seats; she accepted one
with an entrancing smile and instantly
gave it to a poor, wan, little old woman
who had been standing for ten blocks.
Whereupon the young men did not
know whether to get up again or not,
and tried their best not to look foolish.

Assessors' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the As-
sessors of the town of Mexico have com-
pleted their assessment roll for the
present year, and that a copy thereof is
left with the undersigned, Lyman Rob-
bins, at his dwelling house, in said town,
where the same may be seen and examined
by any of the inhabitants of said
town, during twenty days from the date
of this notice. And that the said As-
sessors will meet at Mayo's Hall, in said
town, on the 17th day of August next,
at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, to review
their assessments, on the application of
any person conceiving himself aggrieved.
Dated Mexico, July 15, 1875.

S. B. FORD,
LYMAN ROBBINS,
F. G. SMITH,
Assessors of the Town of Mexico.

Pulaski Academy.

Fall term begins Aug. 23, 1875. A
full corps of thorough, experienced and
successful teachers. Tuition in Common
English, \$6. Board in Academy, per
week, \$2.75; those not using tea and
coffee, \$2.50; five day boarders, \$2.00.
Send for circulars.

S. DUFFY, A. M., Principal.
Pulaski, July 23, 1875. 394

NEW STORE!

The undersigned has just opened a new store
in the

PHENIX BLOCK, MEXICO

One door west of B. S. STONE & CO'S
Hardware Establishment. He intends
keeping a full stock of all kinds of

FANCY AND DRY GOODS,

Such as

ALPACAS, BRILLIANTINES POPLINS, PONGEES,

Hosieries, BROWN & BLEACHED GOODS.

And all kinds of

DRESS GOODS.

Worsts, Mottoes, and Very Fine Silks.

Best Two Button

Kid Gloves for \$1.

And all other goods in proportion.

Frank Leslie's Paper Patterns.

Will make a specialty of

Paisly Shawls,

Cloak

AND

Dress

Trimmings,

AND

Mourning Goods.

He has also a fine and cheap assortment of

FLANNELS,

And wishes to say to the public that he will pro-
vide the shortest notice, and at the lowest
terms anything he can make, for any
customer.

C. B. CHAPMAN & SON.

Mexico, April 24 1875.

RAILROAD MILLS

Is the place to go for your

FLOUR & FEED,

Where there is kept constantly on hand

a stock of

FLOUR of all Grades, MEAL,

Shorts, Ships, Midds,

Screenings, Graham

Flour, Rye Flour,

Cracked Corn

And everything pertaining to the trade
the highest market price will be paid
for all kinds of grain. Having put in
NEW MACHINERY, we are prepared
to give entire satisfaction in all the
branches of

Custom Grinding

Persons living in the corporation who
wish to order Flour and Feed of us can
rely on having their orders promptly
filled by

Leaving their orders at VIRGIL'S
BOOK STORE.

Give us a call. Send in your orders.

L. ROBBINS & SON

Mexico, Sept. 10, 1875. 45

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

P. F. S.

The above letters signify,

"Perfect Fitting Shirt."

The result has been attained by

John Ould,

Cor. West First & Bridge Sts., Oswego,

CHARACTERISTICS:

1. Best Material.

2. Perfect Fit.

3. Superior Manufacture.

4. Durability.

5. Latest Styles.

These results are assured

In All Cases by Personal Supervision

OF EVERY GARMENT MADE.

31st

For Stoves go to Brooks'.

Wall Paper

Having largely increased my stock, I am
now prepared to offer to the public
first-class goods at the very

LOWEST PRICES

NO one should fail to see
my stock who contemplates cleaning
house and

Papering Spring

REMEMBER

That paper is much cheaper this spring than
ever before. I am selling that formerly
sold for fifteen cents for

1 Shilling per Roll

My Stock comprises
not only a large

assortment of com-
mon paper, but

Satins, Tints, &

20 and 40 inches wide,

Gilt, Embossed Hand,

With border to match,

Decorations, &c.

Also,

CURTAINS

FROM THE CHEAP PAPER

TO THE FINEST GILT BAND.

Holland's Fixtures, &c.

Will make a specialty of

Paisly Shawls,

Cloak

AND

Dress

Trimmings,

AND

LOOK

At my CARPET PAPER

before putting down

your carpets

All paper bought of me trimm

FREE OF CHARGE.

L. L. VIRGIL.

Mexico, April 7, 1874.

C SNOW

Manufacturer of

CARRIAGES,

WAGONS,

Platform Spring Wagons

&c., &c.

Repairing done on most reasona-

ble Terms.

Manufactury Main street, opposite

Foundry.

CLARK PICKENS

General Blacksmith

PARISH, N. Y.

SHOP NEAR THE DEPOT.

Special attention given to

Horse Shoeing and Ox Shoeing.

Mr. Pickens had the only convenience for ox

shoeing in this vicinity. Terms low. Work

well done and no unnecessary delay by waiting.

Mr. Pickens intends to be at his shop con-

stantly.

Parish, July 18, 1873.

new Idea!

A WILSON

SHUTTLE

Sewing Machine



FOR 50 Dollars!

FARMERS,

MERCHANTS,

MECHANICS,

AND

EVERYBODY

Buy the World-Renowned